But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
Thursday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduise,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, dye in the streets.
For by my soule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Trust too't, bethinke you, ile not be forsworne.
Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie sitting in the cloudes
That sees into the bottome of my greefe?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.
Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that husband send it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counsaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What sayst thou, hast thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is banished and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dishclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very hart,

I thinke you are happie in this sec
For it excels your first, or if it did
Your first is dead, or twere as goo
As liuing here, and you no vse of
Iu. Speakst thou from thy hea
Nur. And from my soule too, el
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou hast comforted m
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gon
Hauing displeas'd my father, to
To make confession, and to be
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is
Iu. Auncient damnation. ô mo
Is it more sin to wish me thus for
Or to dispraise my Lord with th
Which she hath praisde him wit
So many thousand times? Go C
Thou and my bosome hencefort
Ile to the Frier to know his reme
If all else faile, my selfe haue pow

Enter Frier and Coun

Fri. On Thursday sir: the tim
Par. My Father *Capulet* will
And I am nothing slow to slacke
Fri. You say you do not knov
Vneuen is the course, I like it no
Par. Immoderately she weep
And therefore haue I little talke
For *Venus* smiles not in a house o
Now sir, her father counts it dau
That she do giue her sorrow so
And in his wisedome hastes our
To stop the inundation of her t
Which too much minded by he
May be put from her by societi

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